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BORAH'S BACK FENCE

SENATOR BORAH'S suggestion, so lightly tossed off, that the Allies should consider a cancelation of all indebtedness including reparations, has bounced with considerable noise into European capitals. This is hardly surprising. There was a time when Europe thought it could deal solely with the President of the United States in matters diplomatic. That was during the days of naïve enthusiasm immediately following the Armistice. Since then, thanks to the persistent activities of Senator Lodge, it has learned that the Chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee is an exceedingly important check-rein to American diplomacy. And now, as Europe sees it, this new chairman, this rather lonely and imposing representative of western opinion, has shown himself in disagreement with the administration's somewhat smug assumption that debt settlement is a closed issue. That, rather than the specific nature of Mr. Borah's suggestion, is the fact of central importance. Europe sees a hope of reopening the discussion of basic principles involved, and while politely determined to show Mr. Borah the errors of his thoughts, is nevertheless inwardly delighted at the opening of an unofficial channel of debate.

We might, without disrespect to the governments involved, compare the situation to two families whose respective fathers have reached an agreement on the settlement of an old difference, but whose mothers are still discussing the matter over the back fence, filled with the knowledge that the decision of the men folk is not always as final as it appears. Senator Borah will probably continue to make speeches from Seattle to Florida, and various and anonymous high officials of Europe will continue to reply through press channels. The situation is not without its humor; neither is it without hope. For governments which cannot risk the initiative in novel opinions and measures can often, with good grace, appear to be guided by a slowly molding public opinion. They can yield to the manufactured "voice of the people" in the sacrosanct name of democracy itself—even when they cannot appear directly as the instructor of that voice. So it is high time to consider what may develop in the lengthy discussions foreshadowed by Senator Borah's suggestion.

First, as to the specific suggestion now made. Europe's immediate response—meaning, of course, Allied Europe—is that such a wholesale clearing-house operation would leave Germany scotfree. "High officials" point out that, due to the collapse of the mark, Germany has been able practically to wipe out her

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internal debt, leaving reparations as her only large item of war liquidation. The Allies, on the other hand, have both internal and external debts to meet. If the United States should cancel their external debt, they would still have the burden of internal debt for many long years after Germany, excused from reparations, would have no debt of any kind. This contention is true. It is just. There is no escaping it. So long as we hold to the principle that the aggressor nation in the war should bear the heaviest burden of war liquidation, it is useless to argue for any plan that would directly reverse this principle. But Europe is ready with a counter suggestion—and it is precisely the nature and scope and possible advantages of this proposal which we ought to begin to consider.

Already a vague hint has been tossed back that German bonds should be the ultimate tender in which to settle whatever balance remains after a clearing-house operation has reduced present complications to their simplest terms. When this proposal reaches a definite form, it will probably amount to this: that the United States, having determined the amount which each Allied country is capable of repaying, should accept, in lieu of direct payments by the Allies, German bonds or German payments originally intended as part of the reparations payments to the separate Allies. The obligation to collect these payments would be transferred from the Allies to the United States, thus leaving the Allied nations of Europe free to set about their internal reconstruction without the annoying task of collecting from one country in order to repay another. A possible later compromise suggestion would be to have the Allied countries jointly or severally guarantee or endorse the German payments, so that all the Allied and associated countries would have a common interest in the settlement of a single outstanding debt.

At first glance, such a solution would seem fairly to bulge with common sense. But several obstacles loom menacingly. The most important is our own historic position that German reparations and the Allied debts to us are two distinct matters, never, under any circumstances, to be mixed. Just why we have taken this position has never been utterly clear. Reparations constitute one of the main assets of the debtor nations. A bank, trying to liquidate its loans to an industrial company, would consider every asset of that company as part and parcel of the transaction. It is common business practice today for a bank to take charge of a debtor business, even to the extent of letting its own officers engage in the liquidation of the company's doubtful assets. This, however, does not alter the fact of our official position, nor the difficulty of changing it. A further, and related obstacle, is our official feeling that to assume the obligation of collecting German reparations would somehow "entangle" us quite permanently in the affairs of Europe. Now the only possible answer to such objections arises from a cold-blooded comparison of what the proposed, as against the present method of war liquidation, would mean—in international good will, in common-sense business procedure, and in the avoidance of distressing possibilities.

We must try to think as simply as possible. To this end, suppose we consider only our three major credit items—the debts of Britain, France, and Italy. All three are European countries, part and parcel of the European entanglement which we seek (for good or ill) to avoid. Under the probable new proposal, we should have only one country to deal with. We now have three. Which is the more "entangling" relationship? If it came to the distressing issue of having to enforce a collection under the present plan, there are only two possible methods, short of the abandonment of the claim. One is military force; the other the pressure of economic boycott. Just how either possibility relieves us of "entanglement" is one of the stupefying mysteries of all time. But it does not end there. We face the further possibility of having to decide which country we shall be lenient with, and with which severe. Already, on the mere question of fixing the total of indebtedness, we have been charged with favoring Italy as against France; and France as against Britain. What sort of international uproar would ensue if we were to give Italy an extension of time, due to some crisis, and insist on immediate payment by Great Britain, in spite of an equally plausible claim to "crisis" by that country? The term "crisis" involves the possibilities of new foreign wars conducted by either country. Would it be considered "non-entanglement" in European politics if we should consider one war justifiable and another as economic waste?

Nor do these possibilities touch on the question of legitimate sentiment. The possible new proposal would leave us as collector from a single nation—formerly our enemy. We are now collecting from former allies. Whatever theories we may have, we know the fact that ill will is mounting against us rapidly in every Allied country. The new plan would obviate this to a large extent. In fact, every pressure put on Germany would meet with unquestioned Allied approval. In a crisis, we should have, at the very least, their moral support. And if it is argued that Germany is no longer an enemy, and that we do not deserve the sole burden of her ill will, there are two sufficient answers. First, Germany's burden would not be increased over the present arrangements. In fact, many people would consider that having one rather than multiple creditors was a distinct advantage. And secondly, if there is any question as between the ill will of former allies and a former enemy, there ought to be no doubt as to which we should most willingly risk—no doubt, that is, so long as we hold to the cardinal point that our entry into the war itself was well considered, just, and imperative.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

SECRETARY KELLOGG'S declaration that the religious policy of the Mexican government violated no treaty stipulation and would therefore be ignored by the State Department, might have been expected. To take action against Calles as an enemy of the Church would disregard the diplomatic past and would establish a precedent that might be invoked on a number of trivial occasions. For ourselves, we do not believe that the Catholic cause would profit by a connection with the aims of government, which are normally concerned with civic and property rights. If religious peace is to be established in Mexico, there must precede it a firm and alert organization of those Mexicans who respect the eternal verities, who know the meaning of liberty, and who are at the same time determined to deal conscientiously with the problems of society. We believe that the intolerant actions of Calles have done more to promote such an organization than anything else in Mexican history. The union of prayer, as enjoined by the bishops and the Holy See, has welded men and women together for the defense of their souls; the boycott measure, resolutely employed, has taught the use of practical weapons far more beneficial in a country like Mexico than all possible forms of revolution and violence. These are likewise the opinions of the Mexican bishops, who have reaffirmed that the settlement must be peaceful.

WHAT can be done in the United States to assist the growth of such an organization? This very important question has a direct bearing upon our own national religious life. If the "investigating evangelicals" have taught us anything, it is not that we should sit back inertly and lambaste their puerile peering; it is rather that we should courageously and competently establish a liason with Mexico, first to bring back to this country an analysis of the situation which cannot be challenged, and secondly to prove that we shall be energetic workers in the support of any effort to endow Mexico with principles of liberty like those which our own Constitution guarantees. The appointment of Judge Morgan J. O'Brien as chairman of a committee formed by the National Catholic Welfare Conference is a highly commendable step in this direction. We think this committee has a practically unlimited opportunity. It will, we believe, gain in strength for the accomplishment of its task if it associates with its work men who, though adhering to other creeds or to none, have authoritative knowledge of Mexican affairs or unquestioned and unprejudiced integrity.

NO bigger task confronts the American people than the formation of instructed public opinion about Mexico. If there be any truth—and manifestly there is—in the allegation that our nearest neighbor is steadily being "Russianized," this nation cannot view the prospect with indifference. It matters little whether the "Russianizing" is ostensibly for the improvement of labor or whether its chief object is the aggrandizement of capital. In either case it means the creation of a dictatorial "state," to which individual rights and liberties are of no consequence. The first victims such a "state" always claims are foreign residents and investors. This it does because only those in whose behalf ambassadors or consuls protest can successfully challenge its supremacy. Obviously, the government of the United States, guided by knowledge of what has happened in the past, has been anxiously observing the present conduct of Mexican officials. And if we are to judge by the explosive editorial which El Universal sent after Mr. Sheffield when he left Mexico City, the entourage of Calles is worried about some things the courageous diplomat may have to say. Such matters ought to be kept as separate as possible from the higher, idealistic concerns of religion; but those who investigate the truth about the second, will inevitably perform the patriotic duty of enlightening their fellow-citizens about the first.

IN rejecting the settlement proposed by the clergy, striking British coal-miners have braved despair. One fails to see how men whose own representatives have agreed that the only way to work the collieries under present conditions is "to farm them at a loss," can hope to win by merely sitting tight. Sympathy may concede their steadfast plea for a short day and an adequate wage. But these blessings will never flow from an industry regulated by laws of war rather than of peace. "Today production is dear, competition reinforced by science is keen, and an impoverished

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market is looking for other and cheaper sources of power," writes an observant Parliamentarian. "The whole problem of the industry is to cancel the margin of unproductive expenditure by a closer and more scientific attention to every stage of the trade from the geology of coal-seams to the generation of heat, from the provision of baths to the organization of sales, from the training of managers to the disposal of soot. It is a problem of leadership." And so the distressing thing about the miners' negation is, not that they demurred against compulsory arbitration, but that they repudiated their own accredited leaders.

PRIOR to the great strike these leaders had scored heavily by submitting a report which the Government Commission found vastly more practical and promising than anything the sluggish mine-owners had to offer. Today they have lost priceless leverage both through the character which the strike assumed as antagonistic to the government and through the veto by their followers. How, then, are they to carry on—to do their necessary part in the complete reorganization of the industry? This question may well seem serious to the group defined by the British government as the "representatives of the Church," whose mission certainly includes, and has always included, the dispensing of social charity. One is therefore hard put to account for the extremely provincial utterances of the London Tablet to the effect that religious officials ought not to take a share in pacifying industry, and that "representatives" of the churches are merely individuals. Apart from the fact that a sovereign Pontiff, aided by an English cardinal, once undertook to comment upon the problem of labor, there is a world of precedent for trying to bring religion to bear upon social antagonisms.

THE attitude of the London Tablet is thrown into particularly ungrateful relief by an article in The Universe, also of London. The Universe probably lacks the select audience of its aristocratic contemporary, but it is an amazingly well written and enterprising journal, with a circulation that has exceeded by three- and fourfold the limit that was expected when it was founded in its present shape. In lending its columns to the Catholic miners to present a petition to the hierarchy asking them to use their moral force to bring about a settlement "on the basis of the famous encyclical of Leo XIII," it almost certainly represents the opinion of that large class among Catholics who need not exercise much imagination to realize the locked-out miners' predicament. In the letter written to The Universe by its Scottish representative, Mr. A. P. S. Tulloch, it is significant to read that the first rumor of this petition was the signal for exaggerated reports, aimed to prove afresh that labor had seceded from its old discipline and that another nail was being hammered into the coffin of the trades-unions.

AS to whence the misrepresentation originated, no suggestion is made. But it may be asserted with pretty fair accuracy that there are two quarters where any bad news about organized labor is looked upon as good news. In the first, which unfortunately includes many tepid and worldly professed followers of the Poor Man of Nazareth, we find categories which, ever since the pronouncement of Pope Leo, have sought, by suggestion and insinuation, to represent it as nothing beyond a pious hope and counsel of perfection, whose realization may indefinitely and without sin be postponed, the while sacrosanct laws of demand and supply remain graven on stone for present guidance. The second harbors those immoderate friends of labor who, having lost, or never possessed any belief in moral remedies, regard any attempt to help them, when it is burdened with talk of duties as well as of rights, as so many insincere, or at the best, inept intrusions upon the Marxian program.

PERHAPS no system of credit financing ever gripped the average citizen so firmly as does instalment buying. The practice of "telling Sweeney" he needs or would thoroughly enjoy such and such luxurious additions to his private property has made many a business bulky and prosperous, but the alluring possibility of "have now and pay later" was what really fetched Sweeney. This brought about an increase of 10,000,000 in the number of automobiles during five years. It decorated the country with radio sets, player-pianos and the works of O. Henry. It even enabled ambitious young men to attend college by selling magazines at a rate of ten cents down and ten cents a week. But unfortunately there seems to be a limit to the number of instalment payments a wage-earner or a salaried man is able to meet. Department stores began to report instances of pledging which far outstripped the budget which had proposed to meet them, and in some localities the sum-total of goods reclaimed by instalment foreclosure appeared to be enormous. A number of business men openly condemned the practice, saying that it deluded the purchaser and meant unsound merchandise policy.

NO doubt seems to exist that the system is hazardous, that it is based on the assumption that unusual prosperity will continue, and that the granting of credit for the purchase of luxuries is in principle opposed to the ideal of thrift. But one agrees with Mr. A. E. Duncan, of the Commercial Credit Company, that there is much to be said for a financial plan which can promote the comfort and happiness of millions if it is properly handled. The use of credit for the enrichment of home life is undoubtedly a commendable human practice; and often enough the stern thrift of earlier Americans meant bald and cheerless houses and bank-accounts piling up for the sake of heirs who would never know what to do with their money. In-

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cidentally the present is a time of increasing savings-bank deposits, of more numerous life-insurance policies, of multiplying home-owners. The propaganda which leads to buying has been skilfully offset by the propaganda which recommends investments. Stocks and bonds are sold on the instalment plan quite as freely as are automobiles. The real trouble seems to lie in the fact that many persons do not know what to do with their money. But those who are deluded into purchasing pianos for which they cannot pay are probably not more numerous than those who are fooled into purchasing wildcat stocks or burying their money in the backyard. One may agree that much of what is bought and paid for week after week is futile and gaudy; the obvious retort is merely that happiness is independent of merchandise. It lies in knowing how to live—another instalment acquisition.

"ABOVE all, beware of zeal!" This advice, from a veteran diplomatist to a beginner in the service, might well be taken to heart by certain young censors of behavior connected with the Catholic Action in Rome, who have been making the costumes worn by "forestieri" their business of late. Recent incidents—the rough order given by one of these budding Savonarolas to a lady at her devotions, to rise from her knees and leave the sacred building—the forcible barring of the church of San Silvestro to an American woman accompanied by her husband, both of whom are exemplary Catholics, by one of these earnest adolescents because the dress of the former failed to satisfy his sense of decorum, are deplorable, and serious trouble seems to have been averted only by the dignified and self-sacrificing conduct of the victims. The comment of the Rome correspondent of The Tablet upon the occurrences is now to hand and is thoroughly to the point. Any crusade carried out in the interests of what used to be thought seemliness must justify itself by its moderation and charity. It must take due heed of how often the things to which it takes exception are the entirely innocent result of following fashion, and it may well abate its ardor by a memory of how many modes and customs that are today accepted as matter of course were formerly the target for shocked criticism. Most important of all, it must be taken out of the hands of young men. To leave it there is to run the risk of misunderstanding and abuse that might at any moment give rise to a very serious international incident.

CLOSING summer-schools have almost redistributed the population. Enrolments for the brief and sultry session ranged from nearly fifteen thousand at Columbia University to the valiant score gathered by a struggling little western college. It is difficult to believe that such dainty morsels of academic life can constitute a satisfactory mental diet. The summer-school student probably shares this scepticism. He or she is simply gratifying a desire to meet scholarship at its source and to gild the every-day attitude with illuminating lectures. Sometimes a credit or two may be used to professional advantage, and it even happens that degrees are earned by a lengthy, patient process of studying through torrid days. Best of all, however, is the circumstance that a carefully saved-for vacation brings glimpses of a world that seems ever so much larger than the small town, the familiar classroom, the wearying daily dozens of existence. The summer-school is the logical successor to the older Chautauqua, which brought culture to the consumer instead of asking him to come after it. The Chautauqua was necessarily minus an academic atmosphere; it had to reckon with audiences largely affected by memories of camp-meetings and political campaigns; and though it accomplished much that is excellent, it dispensed quantities of the most appalling nonsense. One is led to venture the conclusion that here again the institution has triumphed over individual endeavor. The college or university, having definite goals and an entrenchment behind the desirable advantages of community living, is the best place to go to—even for a series of lectures.

A CURIOUS development of international culture may be seen in the frequent visits this country is now receiving from foreign athletic champions or—at least—celebrities of the field and the prize ring. Up until recently the ingress was chiefly artistic, because America naturally looked to cultivated Europe for its exemplary musicians, dancers, and conductors. Handsome checks hastened the arrival on our shores of prima donnas and pianists galore, thus adorning our musical history with radiance. Of late, however, the public has favored native voices and has pleasurably discovered that they really exist. In turn, the cherished United States monopoly of athletics, testified to by illustrious records beyond number, has aroused the European spirit of competition. During past seasons we have munificently endowed sprinters, distance runners, bicycle riders, and soccer players from abroad. Billiards and boxing alike have brought fame and wealth to men who in their own countries were humble and rather poor. Now with the approach of Mlle. Lenglen, a new avenue of triumphal marching has been officially dedicated. The "pride of France" has surrendered her amateur glory and prepared for American "gates" which promise fabulous opulence. Neither Melba nor Tetrazzini was awaited more breathlessly. And on the outskirts there is a veritable assemblage of heavyweights, lightweights and sundry other weights, all quite willing to be beaten bumptiously if the contract be satisfactory. This development proves, at least, that the Viking spirit never dies. We merely reserve the right to doubt that the vein now being worked will prove as rich and lasting as certain others known to history.

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IMPERIAL RUBBER

THE United States has suddenly remembered its "chief insular possession." Filipino affairs have attained news status—a fact traceable this time to a sense of values more concrete than idealistic. Colonel Carmi Thompson has been the official pioneer in a new voyage of conquest dear to the hearts of numerous agents and sub-agents who approach the Islands on a wily campaign for rubber. It is calmly asserted that if these tranquil dependencies are properly exploited, a certain British-Dutch monopoly of caoutchouc can be broken. More or less scholarly persons recall that a sum of $20,000,000 was once used to consolidate the victory of Admiral Dewey; that an army and an educational system have been organized by the United States for the benefit of the Filipino; and that at last an opportunity has arisen to reap a handsome profit from the great imperialistic adventure.

But the future of rubber is halted by several minor considerations. First, a section of the organic law governing the Islands specifies that land shall not be held in larger plots than 5,000 acres—a size not at all adapted to the designs of Mr. Firestone and his compeers.

Secondly, the movement for Filipino independence sees clearly that a United States which has turned farmer on a large scale will never suffer its "chief insular possession" to become autonomous. The conflict is, in fact, so sharp that representatives from the Philippines, headed by Judge Abad Santos, have embarked on a voyage of education and have presented anew the case for self-government. Never before has official America been so deaf to this case. It seems to have been forgotten that the three immediate predecessors of President Coolidge all declared emphatically that their policy in the Philippines was "preparation for self-government," and that the Jones law of August, 1916, firmly committed Congress to this view.

What accounts for the change? The Filipino spokesmen can prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that they speak for their entire constituency in demanding immediate independence. Facts bear them out in their declaration that the army, the educational system, the judiciary, and the press are now more largely native in character than ever before. They can prove that the Filipino electorate, which now includes a full third of the qualified voters, is strongly united; that literacy is steadily on the increase, and that the most notorious cases of graft in the Islands have been directly connected with American political residents. Independence has been a Filipino ideal since long before the arrival of Admiral Dewey, and they note with mortified astonishment that the administration of General Leonard Wood has been a steady and frank announcement of Filipino unpreparedness.

No one believes that the General has any connection with capital or rubber. It may be too rash to assert that his position there was a conclusion arrived at from fears of Japanese policy and action, but doubtless he was expected to consolidate the military establishment in the Islands and to "hold the fort." The present native resentment of his conservatism and "cavalry cabinet" is based upon its trend away from independence rather than upon any specific charges of maladministration.

It may be admitted that it is true that General Wood has frowned upon "paternalism" in the Filipino government, as exemplified in the Manila railway and some of the coöperative sugar centrales; but on the whole, he has adopted no really original measures. Obviously, neither he nor any other army man would be much impressed by the case for autonomy. The concrete fact that American military forces captured and subjugated the Islands by means of severe fighting, cannot easily be shaken by idealistic platforms of "self-government" and "development of political destiny." It should be recognized, however, that such a fact is as nothing to compare with a stable commodity like rubber.

American political opinion must, therefore, recognize this commodity and decide whether or not to give it the right of way. Is it just and expedient that a dependent people's aspirations be curbed in order that the safety of large capital investments may be guaranteed? Shall we vote "no" to a Philippine policy of long standing and of an anti-imperialistic character, so that the reign of rubber may be established? These are the only questions which matter. The idea that the Islands are an essential naval stronghold in the Pacific was a fallacy before the signing of the Four Power Treaty, and has been farcical since. The claim that the Filipinos are not ready for self-government can be substantiated in part—it might be upheld with some show of success that even we, ourselves, are not masters of democracy—but must never be taken to mean innate unfitness. You cannot colonize the people of the Philippines forever without getting into trouble; you might emancipate them with what seems comparatively little difficulty.

We do not presume to say, in this random statement, that rubber is not equal in importance to a desire for independence. We merely feel that if the decision is made in favor of Mr. Harvey Firestone and his brethren, it ought to be accepted at its face value and extricated from camouflage. The object will then be exploitation on a grand scale, not "instruction in democracy."

In such a case, it will have been freely and frankly admitted by the government of the United States that two decades of experimentation have established the conclusion that, regardless of political philosophies and previous commitments, of possible dissatisfaction and strife, imperialism is an excellent thing.

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MEXICAN LIBERALISM AT WORK

By THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR.

(This is the second of two articles, the first of which appeared in The Commonweal of August 18, by Mr. Dawley, a non-Catholic who has long been a close student of Mexican affairs.—The Editors.)

DURING the internecine strife that followed the coming of Mexican independence, the leaders of the "conservative," family-spirited groups were killed or exiled; and various attempts, more or less successful, were made to destroy their religion as well, because it was the only thing that had any control over the masses. The Constitution of 1857, in the formulation of which the people had no voice whatever, was for the two-fold purpose of destroying the people's devotion to their God and their Church, and to seize by confiscation the great wealth the Church was supposed to possess. The administration of Comonfort, who was elected president under the constitution, was of short duration, the presidency being abandoned by him the year following, and the conflict went on.

Juarez succeeded Comonfort, but he could not maintain any government, and it was not until after his reëlection on the collapse of the Second Empire under Maximilian, that a drastic attempt was made to enforce the constitution of Comonfort. By the "reform laws" that followed, priests and nuns were prohibited from appearing in public in their clerical or religious habits, and many of them were driven out of the country. Religious instruction was prohibited in the schools, and in order to more thoroughly destroy the religion of the people, Protestant missionaries were invited into the country, and were given guarantees and protection that were not given to native Mexicans.

Although the "reform laws" were not strictly enforced during the Diaz administration, I may give some of the results of those laws, and the preceding conflict with the Church that came under my personal observation. To the west of Chihuahua, embowered in a pleasant little valley, reposed the village of Tomochic, fairly lost to Mexico, and to the world. It was one of the many towns founded by the Catholic missionaries in colonial days, when they gathered in a few scattered Indians and European settlers, and formed for them a municipal government according to the laws of Spain, as free and independent as our township governments of New England. The town was laid out and built in accord with the laws of the Indies, with its plaza, its church on one side, and town hall on the other. It had its priest and school, and the children were taught to read and write.

It was an evil day for Tomochic when the attention of the governor of Chihuahua was directed to the village beyond the mountains to the west, hidden away so long from the outside world. He was told that the people were rich and prosperous, and he resolved to go and see for himself. As the governor attended by his escort, rode down into the valley, the simple villagers, elated at the honor of his visit, tendered him a reception, and having nothing else to show him, escorted him into their church which they had been careful to preserve in its pristine beauty from time immemorial. The governor's attention was at once attracted by certain paintings, said to be of great value, and he announced his intention to have them.

The attempt to take the paintings met with such a violent protest on the part of the villagers, that the governor sent a squad of soldiers with an officer to garrison the town on the pretense of preserving public order, and a judge to administer justice. It was not long before the judge was accused of violating the daughter of one of the villagers, and the soldiers having nothing else to do, and not much to eat, spent much of their time in committing acts of violence.

The leading men of the village, incensed at the depredations committed, called a meeting and solemnly resolved not to put up with them any longer. They were brave men. In the past they had, without the aid of the government or any other earthly support, defended their village and their ranches against Apache raids. On one occasion, at least, they had pursued the Indians, defeated them, and recovered their cattle; and now in their simple and honest minds they believed that they could still defend their village from the raiders who violated their women and stole their fowls and produce. With this in mind they packed their mules and proceeded to the Rio Grande where they bought Winchesters and cartridges.

On their return the soldiers were gone. In the meantime it had been noised about that Tomochic was preparing for a revolution. It was reported to the governor that the people were in open revolt, and the governor reported it to Mexico, and asked for troops to put down the revolution. The troops came, and as they were descending the range of mountains that hemmed in the valley on one side, they were attacked by the Tomochics in detail, and defeated. President Diaz could not let such an act go unavenged, and he sent a second army to put down what he believed to be a revolution. This second army when it got somewhere near the supposed scene of action, charged into a cornfield and got lost among the mountains. Its brave commander, if I remember correctly, fled to the Rio Grande and crossed our frontier.

Diaz was furious. He sent another army under command of his most able generals. This army, unable to take the town by assault, invested it, and during

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the weary weeks that followed the villagers were reduced to meagre rations, and death stalked among them. Tomochic declared that it would never surrender. Every attack upon the redoubts was repulsed until, weakened by death, wounds and illness, the villagers made a final stand in the church, the proposed looting of which was the origin of all this slaughter of men, women and children. At last the church doors were battered in, the edifice fired, and from its smoking ruins the wounded survivors were removed, and after being placed on the ground in a row, they were shot to death. Thus Tomochic ceased to exist.

This is no isolated case of what has happened since the "liberals" gained control of the government in Mexico. I may pause here to tell why the war of extermination was carried on against the Yaquis. They were a brave, sturdy, industrious people. All Americans who have employed them in the mines and elsewhere confirm this. Centuries ago the Christian missionaries gathered the ancestors of these Yaquis together on the fertile bottom lands of the Yaqui and Mayo Rivers, laid out villages for them, with their churches and schools, and not only taught them to read and write, but to sow and reap. Then came the evil day when the missionaries were expelled. Generations passed and then Mexico gained confidence and coveted the fertile lands that had been set aside for the people during the Spanish régime, and although the titles to them were held by the people who cultivated them, that made no difference. The possessors were "only Indians" who had no rights that the government was bound to respect. Means were devised for annulling the titles, possessions were given to others, and the rightful owners were dispossessed. When this happened in the Yaqui domain, the natives, upon protesting, were shot down or driven into the mountains where they were hunted like wild beasts. The wealth of Obregon, the predecessor of Calles, was founded on some of these lands. He raised large quantities of frijoles and garbanzos on them, which he exported to the United States for American gold. When he was in Washington, to my personal knowledge, he put up in a Spanish lunchroom, a sign advertising the beans.

One of the great talking points of the "liberals" for propaganda purposes is education. The statement of Luis Cabrera, foremost draftsman of the Constitution of 1917, in his address that year at Philadelphia, in which he said: "The best proof of the failure of the Catholic Church as an educator of the Indians is that after the Church has had 400 years of absolute dominion in educational matters, we still have 80 percent of illiterates in Mexico," is a fair example of "liberal" logic used. Hubert Howe Bancroft, our own historian used it. He was so biased by his anti-Catholic prejudice that his histories of Mexico and Central America are not worth the paper on which they are printed, and yet he is quoted by the Methodist bishop, who contributes The American Protestant View in Current History, to support his thesis on behalf of the Mexican government. Bancroft's histories may well be compared to a foreigner writing a history of the United States on no other authority than a political partisan campaign book.

As for the Church having had 400 years of absolute domination in educational matters, as stated by Luis Cabrera, I may mention the fact that the Yaquis were gathered into their towns and settlements by the Jesuits toward the close of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century. Their work being educational as well as religious, they taught the Indians to read and write. On a certain day in 1767, the Jesuits were all expelled by the government of Spain, which act is acknowledged by impartial historians as one of the gravest errors ever committed by the home government. Who taught the Yaquis to read and write after the expulsion of the Jesuits? I do not profess to know, but I do know that after the Jesuits were driven out, their missions in Lower California lapsed into ruin and decay, and the Indians there no longer learned to read and write, nor could many of the Yaquis read and write when the government seized their lands.

To lay the blame for the high percentage of illiteracy in Mexico on the Catholic Church, then, is a fallacy. Then again, nearly seventy years have passed since "Church domination in educational matters"—and then it was not "absolute"—was definitely stifled by prohibiting the clergy from teaching in public schools. Two generations have passed since then. There are no available statistics to show what the percentage of illiteracy was before an inhibition was placed on the clergy. But it stands to reason that if the schools were left without teachers by the withdrawal of the clergy, as the one mentioned at Tomochic—and there were hundreds similarly situated—the illiteracy must have been much less than it is today.

What has done more than anything else to turn me in favor of Catholicism has been the gross immorality and misrepresentations of those who oppose it. The chief talking point of the Protestants in their propaganda against it is that the churches have images of Christ on the Cross, and also of the holy men and women who have figured prominently in Christian history. Because devout Catholics pray before these images they are voted idolaters. To get their mental attitude I asked a poor woman, one of the masses, if she believed that the images were gods. Her reply in a somewhat angry tone, rendered into English, was something as follows:

"What do you take us for? Don't we know that the images are made of wood? Do you suppose I could pray like your people to a dead wall? Why, whatever chicken or dog that happened in would distract my attention. When I see the image of Christ before me it inspires me and absorbs all my attention."

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AMERICA'S FIRST ENVOY TO FRANCE

By ELIZABETH S. KITE

HUMAN life has ceased to count in America's mad race after sensation, and now history must fall before the sacred automobile. Within the present year it has been decided that one of Connecticut's most beautiful Revolutionary houses, the Silas Deane house in Hartford, is to be destroyed simply because the men of Hartford want parking space.

Mr. Stiles, in his Ancient Wethersfield, thus describes this house: "While still abroad in France, Mr. Deane had a house erected for him in Hartford . . . from plans and specifications forwarded from Paris. This house . . . was at the time the finest in Hartford . . . and despite the changes made by successive owners, it still retains the air of aristocratic lineage which marked the period of great luxury which preceded the French Revolution."

This piece of vandalism is all the more startling in that it is perpetrated in a city proud of its Revolutionary record, which possesses two historical societies and which boasts representatives of all the patriotic orders; that it should happen on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Silas Deane's mission to France and that Connecticut should be planning an imposing celebration of the Sesquicentennial!

To fully account for this amazing indifference to the memory of one who undoubtedly should be numbered among Connecticut's greatest sons, we must go back to 1778-79 when Silas Deane, after returning in "splendor" (as John Adams wrote in a letter home) and triumphantly, with a fleet and a minister plenipotentiary of His Very Christian Majesty, Louis XVI, through jealousy, misunderstanding and prejudice, was discredited by the Continental Congress, refused a trial and sent into the wilderness a scapegoat, bearing upon him the sins of a whole faction of the people. Though Deane's honor was vindicated by the Federal Congress in 1841, Connecticut never forgave him because in 1775, when a leader in the second Continental Congress, he threw himself whole-heartedly into national interests to the neglect of local politics. As for historians, they could do nothing less than ignore Silas Deane along with the whole story of the secret aid which passed through his hands, until the time arrived for admitting its importance to the cause of American independence. Such a psychological transformation would entail, of course, a rewriting of all our histories.

It was not among American archives but in Europe that I first discovered Silas Deane. In the beginning my interest was only academic. It became personal when I chanced upon the correspondence of General S. B. Webb and realized the private character of Silas Deane, his influence over his step-children, and the gratitude maintained for him in this branch of the family through several generations. As a result, I became an enthusiast for this man so maltreated and ignored by his countrymen. This enthusiasm led me to visit Wethersfield and the house which he built about 1767 next to the famous Webb house, scene of the meeting of Washington and Rochambeau; to find the site of his "store," and to seek out the highest point in the cemetery back of the old church commanding a charming view of the Connecticut River, where his two wives lie buried—while his own poor body, alas, lies far away! But it was reserved for me to meet with Silas Deane himself, to penetrate his soul and to understand him, in this Hartford house (now about to be destroyed) which fate ordained he should never occupy!

It was with bated breath and beating heart that I entered the gate and stepped upon the porch which led to a side door of this still imposing frame structure. Indeed, it was as if Silas Deane himself came forward and, holding out his hand, said: "Come with me and let me show you this house which I planned for generous hospitality; but above all, behold the use to which it has been put for the last quarter of a century!"

As one under a spell I entered and allowed myself to be conducted from room to room by the humble inmate who answered my knock. I was dazed by what I saw and unable to grasp its significance—elegance and misery were everywhere companions. The woodwork, the paneling, the delicately carved mouldings, the windows (such windows—solid sheets of perfect plate glass!) the mirrors, the spacious rooms, the generous fireplaces, all spoke of one who loved the amenities of life and who was used to its comforts and luxuries. But who were these strange beings crowded in the living rooms below and what was the meaning on the floor above of the double-decker beds set so close as almost to touch one another? What was the use to which Silas Deane's elegant house was being put?

Then I learned what had escaped my notice on entering—though conspicuously enough announced by a sign—that this was now The Open Hearth—a place of refuge for down-and-outers, where unfortunate men could earn their way back to self-respect and in the meantime, perhaps, find the moral and physical strength to start their lives anew. As this realization surged over me, blending strangely with the vision of all the gracious hospitality for which the house had been designed, I became lost in meditation.

The strange, strange mystery of fate! Silas Deane, who had conceived of a handsome residence where he could lavishly entertain, who, to that end, had ordered its design from a leading French architect, had died in

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poverty and wretchedness in a foreign land. But to balance the scales of justice, here was his house for more than two decades, offering shelter and protection to countless unfortunates, some of whom would have stories to tell only less romantically tragic than that of the original owner.

It had been the Committee of Secret Correspondence with Benjamin Franklin at its head which in March, 1776, had sent Silas Deane to France without the knowledge of Congress at large. He went charged with three commissions: first, to buy articles for the Indian trade; second, to secure military equipment for an army of 25,000 men, with a few officers and engineers; third, to form an alliance with France. When news of Deane's going became known to Congress, great dissatisfaction was felt by certain delegates, for Arthur Lee, then living in London, was the choice of a powerful faction for any European post. To make matters worse, Lee, disappointed in his personal ambitions, did not scruple to send lying reports to his supporters in Congress regarding the activities of Deane, thus creating a complex situation which has required 150 years to clarify.

Deane was too busy, working on his diplomatic mission with Franklin, pushing forward his gigantic commercial operations with Beaumarchais, commissioning officers, among them Lafayette and De Kalb, directing the privateer business, keeping open house for American adventurers (some of them British spies) to concern himself with the activities of his enemies who openly as well as secretly plotted against him. By December, 1776, he felt himself sufficiently well established in Paris to send for his wife and little son to join him there. Before the plan could be carried out however, Mrs. Deane, always delicate, sickened and died, in June, 1777. The turning of the tide in the affairs of Silas Deane may be said to date from the reception of the news of his wife's death, for it was not long afterward that his enemies in Congress succeeded in forcing his recall, though news of the resolution did not reach him until after the signing of the Treaties of Amity and Commerce in February, 1778. The Hartford house, then, belongs to the short period between December, 1776, and September, 1777, which marks the culmination of Silas Deane's success as merchant and diplomatist, and it is certain that the material for the house came over carefully packed along with the military stores in one of Beaumarchais's ships.

It was in keeping with Deane's own character as well as in accord with the prevalent ideas in France, to erect the house in such a way that it would be practicably indestructible. Though the casing was to be frame, yet the walls were to be so thick and so well laid, the foundations so deep and strong that the building might stand for a thousand years unless purposely destroyed. The cellar, everywhere walled with brick or stone, extended under the whole house. In the centre was a compartment intended for wine; evidently it was to be well stocked for how could one properly entertain without a choice collection of the best vintages of old France? There was no prohibition in those days and Silas Deane was a connoisseur by taste and inclination.

Two massive chimneys rose from the ground below the foundation, one through the north and the other through the south section of the house, each composed of four separate flues, one to each fireplace. A wide hall, paneled in dark walnut, with a beautiful colonial door with side lights and a dignified stairway, separated the two sections. The drawing-room to the north ended in a superb bay window with solid sheets of unbroken plate glass, the central one extending from floor to ceiling, the others only slightly shorter, so set into the mouldings as to deceive the eye and make one believe the glass itself to be circular. So flawless is this glass that for a century and a half even the birds have been duped.

The dining-room ended also in a bay window with eight massive walnut doors at the opposite end; (like all the other doors of the house they were made of seasoned walnut, each of three layers with grain running differently to ensure perpetual and perfect fit). At right angles to the length of this room extended the two story "L" which comprised the well-lighted kitchen below and the light, airy servants' quarters above.

In 1841, the twenty-sixth Congress in its second session, vindicated the honor of Silas Deane and granted his heirs $37,000.00 in liquidation of his claim. In the report of the committee it is stated: "Mr. Deane was the first political and diplomatic agent sent out by the United States; and the instructions to him and his proceedings under them, were the foundation of all the political relations of the United States with foreign powers and of the subsequent alliance with France." Notwithstanding this clear pronouncement in his favor, and the overwhelming documentation to support it, Deane remains either unknown, forgotten, or purposely ignored. Bancroft dismisses him with the characterization of "a dishonest merchant from Connecticut," while Wharton and others have sought to prove that in 1781 he was in the pay of the British. No vestige of proof has ever been found to substantiate this accusation which he himself indignantly denied, pleading his constant poverty as proof to the contrary.

There are numerous indications that the tide has now turned in favor of Silas Deane. Every library of note possesses manuscript letters from his pen while the famous facsimiles of Benjamin Franklin Stevens leave no part of his transactions abroad undocumented. As proof of the value of his letters, one of them, that in which he officially communicated the Declaration of Independence to King Louis XVI, was recently offered for sale by a dealer at $750.00.

Thus it can be seen that, little by little, Silas Deane

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is coming into his own. But well has it been said that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among those of his own household." Nowhere has appreciation of the merit of Silas Deane in the cause of American independence been so lacking as in his own Connecticut which he loved so well. Years ago, a statue to Lafayette was placed in the State House in Hartford, but Silas Deane, through whom the young nobleman received his commission, has been denied that honor. Instead, this city has singled him out for special dishonor, having chosen the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his setting out for France, to toss his beautiful Hartford house to the wreckers—its priceless windows, mirrors, mouldings, paneling, and doors treated as so much wreck-stuff, its memories flung to the winds—in order that the business men of Hartford may have sufficient space in which to park their automobiles.

AS A CHINESE SEES IT

By ARTHUR A. YOUNG

PERHAPS it is because I am a Chinaman, and all that interests my hearers is whether I belong to that privileged group labeled as Christians, or that despised gang known as heathens—but wherever I go and to whomsoever I am introduced, the question, "Are you a Christian?" inevitably arrives sooner or later. And the regularity with which it is asked often leads me to think that a Christian Chinaman must be an unusual combination in the eyes of the average American.

But in all truth, I and my friends have had no denominational consciousness at home, and to prove it I shall have to take you back to my home town—to Trinidad, that most southerly pearl of the West Indian islands in the blue Caribbean, famous for its mysterious and inexhaustible lake of asphalt.

Trinidad is under British tutelage, and though the official denomination is Episcopal, as you would call it here, Catholics are just as prominent and powerful. The island was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage to America, and has since then passed to Spanish, French, and British hands. It is one of the most beautiful islands off the tropical coast of South America.

When I picture the island reminiscently, I recall vividly my contacts among Catholics. Though not a Catholic, I was practically raised among them. I remember when I was transferred from the government to the Catholic school because it was said that the latter would train me better for my competitive examination. I voluntarily learned many Catholic hymns, though I was never enjoined to do so. Our school overseer, Monsignor de Martini, with his long beard and black robe with purple embroideries, was my striking Santa Claus who, on his visits to the school, often rewarded me with cookies. I loved to admire the big cross that hung from his neck.

I recall the first time I entered the Catholic church, which was the most impressive in town. It was on the occasion of a Santa Rosa day, when Santa Rosa was taken out of cloister and anyone who wanted to visit her and make a wish could do so.

Santa Rosa day was a day of great festivities. All trains and all trails led to Arima. Its streets became an American Main Street overnight as if by magic. Cocoanut thatched roofs sprang up like mushrooms. Besides the unveiling of Santa Rosa, the chief attraction was horse-racing, in which ponies from all over the West Indies were entered.

I had told my uncle weeks before the great day that I wished to visit the saint, and he promised to accompany me. It was about eight o'clock one evening when we started on our holy pilgrimage. The moonlight drifted through the trees like dew. The church was located in the north end of town. As we climbed a little hill, we noticed that an appreciable line was wending its way in the same direction.

A group of curiosity-seekers was standing outside. Reverently we entered the great, dimly-lit church. I was fascinated by the colored window-panes. We took seats in one of the pews where we knelt down and prayed before presenting ourselves to the saint. After a while my uncle led the way up the aisle, on both sides of which were people kneeling and praying with their heads bowed. We found a niche and did likewise. The saint was above us, but I did not look up. When I was outside I was told that the white object at the top was the saint.

From the Catholic school I went to Saint Mary's College, which was under the control of the Catholic diocese. The instructors were fathers who studied at Blackrock College in Ireland.

The college was equivalent to a junior college and prepared students for Oxford and Cambridge examinations. Two island scholarships, entitling the holders to study in a foreign institution, were awarded every year, and Saint Mary's had the honor of placing as many students as its friendly rival—Queen's Royal College, a government institution.

I recall many picturesque fathers at Saint Mary's. There was Father O'Brien, the dean whose hobby was teaching trigonometry. Were Father O'Brien an American, he would have been a most patriotic citizen, for, after every trigonometry class, he never failed to deliver some stripes, making his students see stars. Then there was Father Neville, who was perhaps the first Trinidadian to leave for the front when he was called home by the French government in the early part of the war.

A high wall surrounded the college buildings, thus shutting us off from public view. One of the customs of the fathers that I most vividly recall was their habit during recess or leisure time to walk in a group,

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in pairs, or singly, up and down the gallery, either chatting to one another, or silently reading from a prayer-book. When the number was large, they formed two rows, each invariably facing one another. And as they never changed fronts nor presented their backs to one another, one column moved backwards in one direction and then forward in the opposite direction. It was a most picturesque sight.

Just a few days ago I received a letter from a sister in St. Augustine, Trinidad, describing a trip made to Mount Tabor, where the Benedictines in Trinidad are doing splendid work preparing young students for the priesthood. And that reminds me of my visits to Mount Saint Benedict, the mountain home of many priests, located on the northern range of the island, some fifteen thousand or more feet above sea-level.

Here the sons of the illustrious order of Saint Benedict have built a town by itself, supplied with water, light, and food. The atmosphere on this mountain top, where sun and shadow play hide-and-seek all day long, is rarefied and conducive to prayer and meditation.

You leave St. Augustine, a little town at the foot of the hill, a town recently made famous by the fact that it is the home of the only tropical college of agriculture in the whole British empire, and take a path leading up the mountain.

Crossing a long bridge cut across a lush valley, you see a flourishing cocoa plantation, the property of the monastery. The palm leaves which offer shade from the harsh tropical rays, rustle in the breeze. You see a reservoir from which water is filtered.

You are now 1,851 feet above sea-level. A little house, the first ever erected on this mountainside, is almost hidden from view. A few yards away is a triumph of Caribbean architecture, Mount Tabor building, jeweled amidst the scarlet hibiscus, and cutting the hillscape so magnificently as to appear the threshold of a fairyland.

The building contains fifteen rooms, a large hall, and a chapel, dedicated to the Transfiguration of Our Lord. Two towers rear their pinnacles into the blue heavens, one flying the papal flag, and the other the Union Jack. There are three rooms reserved for guests who are admitted only on Mondays.

It took a hard-working and faithful brother, almost single-handed, four years to erect this masterpiece of West Indian masonry and wood. Practically all the materials used came from the surrounding country. The wood was hewed from nearby forests. The walls were made of tapia dirt having a high percentage of lime and clay. A layer of cement as a protective covering finished the tapia work.

After recalling my experience among Catholics in my home town and listening to a Chinese-born American friend speak of his Catholic consciousness over here, I often wonder whether "God's own country" is God's own country after all.

COMMUNICATIONS

ON THE TOPIC OF PROHIBITION

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—At whatever risk involved, I would like to comment again on the prohibition topic. In a former letter I contended that this question is an open one for Catholics. Regardless of individual negations, the wide dispute among all classes of our faith would seem sufficient evidence that such is a fact. A quotation from one editor offset by one from another would hardly constitute definite instruction for Catholic guidance.

Any law which legislates against an evil that had become a wide-spread habit must, of necessity, meet with stiff resistance and extended discussion. There are many arguments advanced to prove that prohibition is wrong, but when the objections are simmered down into a concrete solution, we find the consensus of objectors is that a mild modification of the law would be the proper way to bring about the best results. There is no difference in principle between prohibition and modification. If alcohol is to be shunned, it is much better to shun it altogether than to meet it part way.

A mere layman, neither quoting Scripture nor delving into theology, sees no conflict nor inconsistency between Church teaching and governmental law in the matter. The Church defines the rule for personal guidance. Her law is one of moral suasion.

Unhappily, however, many do not conform their lives with Church teaching nor agree, as in this instance, with the things that she has approved. The millions outside the Church must be considered. Governmental law has become necessary to fit the case and the conditions that follow. And finally, the Catholic Church teaches her children that obedience to law is a duty they cannot ignore.

In conclusion it would seem good to reflect that the more we concern ourselves about the observance of law, the less we need be disturbed about the infractions of law. And the investigations undertaken here and there, disclosing startling conditions, show us that prohibition is by no means an exception as to disrespect of law.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT MEXICO

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor:—I am very thankful for your exposition of facts about Mexico by the Right Reverend Francis C. Kelley. It is especially soothing after one reads so much of the protestations of Methodists that there is no religious issue in the present controversy.

All anti-Catholics seem intent upon indicating the Church's refusal to obey the law, when, in reality she is merely refusing to submit to a mild form of slavery. Particularly false is the assertion of the Mexican consul at Washington, who declares that Catholics are enemies of democracy. How utterly absurd it would be for us to condemn a type of government which permits absolute freedom of religious worship!

However, since Mexico is Catholic, and the Catholic universe has raised its heart to God in prayer, there can be no doubt as to the outcome of the crisis. One only hopes that it will be short-lived.

ELSIE A. GALIK.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

My Country

FOR just how many years to come playwrights will seek success on the infallible model of Abie's Irish Rose is a pertinent if not important speculation. I am still looking for the man or woman who has voluntarily gone to see that astounding show—and yet I know that millions have seen it. I recently heard of a man who had seen it in four or five of our large cities and was waiting to see it again in New York as soon as his wife arrived, because, as he said, "we always see it together." It seems to stand apart from all other theatrical phenomena. And now we have a new comedy, by William J. Perlman, My Country, which seems eager to meet the challenge of repeating history. The theatre was by no means full the night I saw it, but that means nothing in these days of torturing heat and erratic thunderstorms. The audience seemed to have a decidedly good time.

The play is all about three families—one old-American Dutch, one Italian, and the other, of course, Jewish. An Irishman is thrown in for good measure. Robert Van Dorn, at fifty or thereabouts, is still a clerk on a salary of three thousand a year, but trying to live up to the pure Americanism of his Dutch ancestors who came over about 1614. The neighborhood has run down—i.e., has opened its arms to foreigners. Nathan Blumberg, next door, makes twenty thousand a year manufacturing and selling pants. Frank Palmieri, across the street, also makes a goodly sum in the fruit or an allied business. Blumberg has a son, Palmieri a daughter, and Van Dorn has both a son and a daughter, making just enough eligibles to go around. Blumberg objects to the influx of Italians. Palmieri objects to the proximity of Greeks. Mulcahy objects to all foreigners, and Van Dorn is outraged by the whole situation. The conclusion is obvious—delightfully so for hot weather—and comes off with a toast in good chianti drunk solemnly by Messrs. Van Dorn, Blumberg, Palmieri, and Mulcahy, with wives, daughters, and sons cheering happily.

Just why an innocent concoction of this sort should indulge in stage blasphemy as the climax to its second act is beyond clear understanding. Put it down as a fact that managers now feel it necessary to mix a little extract of imitation of every success in their pudding, and that someone is stupid enough to think that a bit of What Price Glory will help My Country. It is time that some organized and vociferous protest were made in every such case of disrespect and bad taste. The elimination of stage blasphemy will not make a dollar's difference in the managers' pockets—certainly not on the short side. But it will make a difference in the integrity of the theatre, and particularly in such an obviously popular entertainment as My Country sets out to be.

Of course, as you would expect, a farce comedy of this sort is filled to the edge with hokum, vaudeville gags, tears at the appropriate places, and a slight attempt at a serious undercurrent. But as it does not pretend to be anything more than it is, you can accept it as reasonably good of its own kind. Louise Randolph, who can do some very splendid acting, is the Van Dorn mother. Both Lee Kohlmar and Joseph B. Verdi as the Jewish and Italian fathers respectively, are better than average character studies; and one Erin O'Brien-Moore as the Italian girl, Marianna, shows symptoms of a sincere, feeling quality which, under good direction in a serious play, might carry her quite far. Pola Carter as Mrs. Blumberg exercises a thankful restraint in a character that needs it.

The Season in Prospect

THE so-called new season which starts about August 15, and which gets well under way by the middle of September, will have to show many surprising developments if it is to rank high among recent years; for the preliminary announcements of managers contain few items calculated to rouse the theatrical appetite. This impression may be due partly to the fad in present play titles. There seems to be a general scramble for absurdly depressing names. Last week, for example, a play originally titled, Came the Dawn, received its Broadway introduction as Loose Ankles. Seed of the Brute is another indicative title. And so it goes. When the theatres begin to ape the moronosities of the movies, one is inclined to guard a healthy silence until the plays themselves can break down the initial prejudice.

But a study of the inside of the theatrical world holds out rather more hope. In at least one direction—a heightened interest in fine acting—the outlook is exhilarating. I have talked with quite a few people in the profession, and almost without exception I have noticed a growing revolt against the present method of exploiting "type" actors and actresses. Those who have reputations still to make are anxious to expand their talents in new kinds of rôles. Those who already have their niche want to do repertory, and several of them are in a good way to gaining their point by having threatened to start companies of their own unless the commercial managers would give them larger opportunities. Others have shown a distinct willingness to take much smaller salaries from the so-called art theatres, merely for the sake of working seriously in plays of real merit.

And the best of it is that the commercial managers have begun to see the practical value of fine and varied acting. Possibly the most conspicuous case is that of William A. Brady, who allowed New York to rediscover Helen Hayes in the revival of What Every Woman Knows. Her Maggie Wiley is as far from the type to which most managers had mentally assigned her as Fannie Brice is from Ibsen's Nora. Yet Mr. Brady is now reaping the profits of a gamble as astute as it was surprising. By this time there are plenty of managers ready to follow the Brady example and exploit the dormant talents of the victims of "type" casting.

In one other respect, too, the new season will hold exceptional interest. Several of the younger playwrights are on the brink of decisive developments in their work—changes that will make or break them as permanent factors in our theatre. Eugene O'Neill's work, for example, is undergoing profound changes in viewpoint. George Kelly is digging deeper every year. John Howard Lawson, whose Nirvana was a sad slump after Processional, will probably have another chance. And I have heard rumors that Sidney Howard has brought back an extremely fine play as the result of secluded labor abroad. As a last item, watch for the new plays of Dan Totheroh, who matches the strength of O'Neill with a deep spirituality.

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BOOKS

Lay Thoughts of a Dean, by William Ralph Inge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

SAINT PAUL'S Cathedral has to its credit a long line of worldly deans, more than one of whom deserve the epithet, "gloomy." Something in the murky atmosphere that coils round Wren's soaring dome may account for the second qualification, and the near neighborhood of banks and exchanges may be held responsible for the first. Of Donne, that eminent poet and pluralist, the kindest thing that can be said is that he atoned for a hectic youth by a remorse which he indulged to the extent of being painted in his shroud. The rambunctious versification of Barham did not conceal a very marked relish for such tenebrous stuff as devils, witches, gibbets, and murderers swinging in chains on lonely heaths. Sydney Smith was, perhaps, the most authentic of English wits, and his memory will always be particularly grateful to Catholics for his untiring advocacy of emancipation. But an undue zeal for things spiritual has never been imputed to him, and it is as humorist, and not as churchman, that encyclopaedias classify the co-founder of the Edinburgh Review.

The opinions of Dean William Ralph Inge, who has succeeded to the dignities and literary popularity of these predecessors, have been widely diffused and a pretty accurate composite portrait arises in the mind whenever the "gloomy Dean" is mentioned. Religiously, he may be placed toward the extreme Right of the Broad Church, with a tinge of Erastianism a little less pronounced than that of Dr. Hensley Henson. Like the egregious Bishop of Durham, he hates, mistrusts and, it is to be feared, misrepresents the cause of labor, though this does not hinder scathing criticism of the new rich categories who are aping the consecrated and traditional vices of the old. Economically he is a frank Malthusian, with an obsessing vision of a world where population has outrun sources of supply. He takes Mr. Lothrop Stoddard seriously, and might be called the distributing agent in England of the mirth-provoking Nordic theory. Needless to say, the Catholic Church arouses his spleen. Its "vapid spiritual hilarity," the "gaiety which prevails in a monastery or nunnery," not to say the grim face it turns upon contraceptives, distract him as he sits in his diaconal study, busy, perhaps, on a masterpiece of gloom, Fate: and How to Beat It.

In his latest collection of fugitive essays, Lay Thoughts of a Dean, Dr. Inge seldom falls below the high reputation which he has earned for sprightly style ("without amiability," however, as French critics would add) and stimulative matter. Indeed, the strangest thing about the Dean's arguments pro or con is that they never fail to suggest excellent arguments con and pro. A very interesting sketch of Dean Colet opens the collection, and it must in justice be conceded that no attempt is made to claim the founder of Saint Paul's School as an advance guard of the Reformation. The surmise is even hazarded that only a natural death saved him from sharing the fate of More, Fisher, and others who opposed the corpulent monarch's itch for a perennial honeymoon.

Like many pessimists, Dean Inge owns to a hobby for statistics. Three essays are devoted to considering the loss, in slain and unborn, that the great war entailed for Europe. Comparing the recent with past conflicts, a fact, which has struck all students, is noted, namely, that while the proportion of killed to wounded, due to artillery fire, was staggering, deaths by disease shrank to a quite negligible figure. The most terrible portent disclosed by the war, Dean Inge considers, is that once again in the world's history defensive has broken down before offensive power. "What brought this purgatory of humanity [Dr. Inge is speaking of the devastation that followed the fall of the Roman empire] to an end? Mainly the art of fortification. . . . The victory of the defensive over the offensive saved civilization." Today—alas! "How many of us have reflected on the frightful danger to the future of humanity contained in the discovery, during the great war, that no town can any longer be defended? To me it seems that this terrible discovery may herald a return to the dark ages, unless the nations agree to make an end of war. It is the most sinister fact that has emerged from those . . . four years."

Naturally, the gloomy prophecies of Dr. Inge do not find in America so bounteous a promise of wrath to come. But even the well-being and confidence which stricken Europe occasionally finds a contrast too blatant to be borne with equanimity, does not save the Great Republic from an occasional whiff of pessimistic foresight. The British churchman is concerned over the failure of the Puritan strain to hold its own (and everyone else's). Not only are lesser breeds, especially the "Mediterranean stock," bemoaned by Mr. Stoddard, flowing in, but "a still more deadly blow to the Puritan tradition has been dealt by allowing many millions of Irish to settle in this country. These immigrants are more dangerous to the solidarity of the American type than the Negroes, because the Negroes cannot tolerate the hard winters of the North and Middle-West. Tuberculosis kills them off." The Dean should take heart. Old diseases are passing, but new ones may well be on their way. Perhaps now that so much of the hard and thankless task once committed to the Irish immigrant is over, some new epidemic, sent by the Providence that watches over the Nordic—say "the Orange Death," and peculiarly deadly to the Celt—may yet redress the balance and free America from the breed that puts out its fires, patrols its streets, and largely mans its fighting services. It is amusing —or disheartening—whichever way you like to look at it, to see this light of modernism almost paraphrasing the words of witch-hunting Cotton Mather, who thought the earlier Irish immigration (the Dean probably has not the remotest idea there even was an earlier one) "a formidable attempt of Satan and his sons to unsettle the colonists."

Naturally, in a book so beset by prejudices, there are inconsistencies and loose statements. On page 157, Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, "a brilliant American writer," is quoted as seeing in immigration by "the Iberian or Mediterranean race" an "unmitigated disaster." On page 165, Professor Santayana, one of the disastrous stock, becomes "a Spanish North-American [whatever that may be] who loves our country and its people with a delicate and discriminating affection which warms the heart." On page 120, "at last American opinion obliged the President to come to the help of the Allies." On page 131, help is asked "to remove from the minds of Americans the special antipathy to England which is almost a tradition on the other side of the Atlantic." On page 186 we get the news, truly astounding in face of the American wheat farmer's search for foreign markets, that "the United States can feed itself, but not much more." The physique of America's young manhood was one of the surprises Europe received in 1917. Dean Inge (one would like to know on what authority) does not think that it has "ever fully recovered from the Civil War of 1861-1865." Racial spite, all the more distasteful because

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dead men are its object, breaks out in such a sentence as, "Special praise was occasionally given to a nominally Irish regiment, of which 75 percent were Englishmen." The bones of the heroic Sixteenth British Division, flung into the torment of Ypres and St. Julien in mid-August, 1917, like kindling upon a furnace, are the mute answer to the Dean's unmannerly taunt.

The "gloomy Dean" is never dull—that much may be admitted, and never negligible. The very heat his assertions arouse in the numerous classes and causes he attacks, proves that his publishers, in calling him provocative, do not overstep the truth. His literary judgments are very good indeed, and the rich crop of weeds that flourish on the borderlands of popular science and popular religion have never suffered under a more vigorous spud than he can wield. What is most lacking in his thought and in its expression is the quality of generosity. A cold mind is no bad thing to have, on condition that it be a judicial mind as well. But when it is a host upon which prejudices, inherited and acquired, batten, of class, of creed and of race, the usual result is an acid and acrid distillation of thought into words, particularly ungrateful when we discover it coming from a divine, the titular patron of whose see took an honest pride in making himself "all things to all men" for the honor and glory of God.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Beethoven, by Paul Bekker; translated and adapted from the German by M. M. Bozman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.00.

THIS book makes a timely appearance on the eve of the centenary of Beethoven's death, March 26, 1827. First published in the original German text in Berlin in 1912, it was widely read and went through many editions in Germany, but had little time to make itself known here, even to our limited German-reading public, before the outbreak of the great war.

It now comes to us in English dress at a moment when an eager musical public will be searching to refresh its memory, or correct its impressions, or learn new facts about the great composer. And the English text, whether translation or adaptation, is a matter for rejoicing in its clarity and literary distinction.

Here we have a study of Beethoven, his life, personality and creations, that is sane. Mr. Bekker, who is director of the opera at Cassel, brings the orderly mind of a trained musical critic and experienced writer to bear upon data that have led other writers, of less poise and equipment, into quagmires of sentimentality and exaggeration. Their distorted, bemuddled views of the man Beethoven have too frequently hidden from us his finer, more manly and attractive traits of character and, as well, the reflex of these qualities in his many-sided musical creations.

Mr. Bekker's book is exceptional in many other ways. If I stress the merit of sanity, it is because the study of Beethoven's genius and character—his mind, impulses, ideals, moods, the form and substance of his works—cannot be a matter of scholarship and judgment alone, nor of imagination and sympathy alone. It must be a careful, selective balance between these two groups of qualities, and it is in obtaining this admirable balance, this judicial sanity, that Mr. Bekker displays rare spiritual insight, lending a deep human interest and fascination both to the personality of Beethoven, and to the music through which he sends his appeal to us.

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tras and choral societies in our cities, there is no doubt that the Beethoven centennial will be widely celebrated in the United States, and thanks to the publicity of the radio, will have audiences beyond the wildest dreams of former festivals. Today, of the thousands of sonatas and many hundreds of symphonies written within the last 200 years to the present hour, none are so much played, none so beloved and appreciated as those of Beethoven. For, of all musicians, he is the one in whom the human appeal is the greatest, the first composer who turned away from the restricted circles of aristocratic salons, and of court and church patrons, to seek a wider, more general public, culminating in the great symphonic, choral call to "All Mankind," "All Ye Millions," "Friends and Brothers!" And, in spite of the handicap of many mediocre interpretations, there is an ever-increasing public in this country more or less consciously responsive to this appeal.

It is precisely to this world of listeners, eager to learn and understand, that Mr. Bekker's book will be invaluable. It is admirably planned and indexed to enable the readers to put themselves in touch with the composer, his personality, moods, ideals, or familiarize themselves with the particular compositions they may wish to hear or study.

To this end, the book is divided into two parts, The Man, and The Musician, and is written in language not too technical for the layman, nor too popular for the critic. The part entitled The Man consists of a biography, giving the events most influential in developing Beethoven's talents and character, and a chapter on Personality, as we see it influencing his career and his works. The Musician contains chapters on The Poetic Idea; Pianoforte Works; The Symphonies; Dramatic Works; Vocal Works; Chamber Music; which are descriptive of the works in detail and in chronological order, and also of the moods, the circumstances, and conditions of mind in which they were written. It is thus an excellent work of reference. Over three hundred pages are devoted to The Musician, only sixty to The Man, but the man is the keynote to the whole. It is a vivid and well-balanced portrait of a man of genius, not as too many others have portrayed him—half godhead, half wailing, gloomy victim of deafness and persecution—but a very interesting human being full of paradoxes that are perfectly comprehensible.

"He is often mistakenly regarded as a tragic figure," writes this biographer of vision and understanding. "But this is a one-sided estimate which does less than justice to his delight in life and the joys thereof. He had a strong and vital will, and he knew that, whatever earthly joys might be denied him, the joy of creation was his for life. He determined to master his fate. His immense vitality overcame all obstacles."

Louis Van Beethoven had twenty-five years left after total deafness shut him off from the world of sound, and they were the years of his greatest creative productiveness.

Nor was music Beethoven's only consolation in the silence of the world in which he lived. He was a lover of nature, and an ardent book-lover. He writes of himself: "Without making the least claim to scholarship, I have endeavored since childhood to steep myself in the spirit of the best and the wisest of every age. Shame to the artist who does not consider it his duty to achieve at least as much!"

Truly it is a gallant and inspiring figure that Mr. Bekker draws in the frankness and sincerity of its blacks and whites and greys—rising above every handicap to express itself in ever-increasing grandeur to the end, strong, gay, defiant. When, in 1827, he was told that the end was drawing near, he

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faced the approach of death in the self-same words with which he had faced that death-in-life—the loss of hearing—"Come when thou wilt, I will meet thee with courage!" On March 23 he settled his earthy affairs, making his will, then turned to heaven—on March 24 receiving with trust and devotion the Last Sacraments of the Catholic Church. Two days later, he breathed his last amid a violent storm of thunder and lightning, "ascending to heaven, like the prophet of old, in a chariot of fire."

HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

The Cabala, by Thornton Niven Wilder. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

WHEN Mr. George Arliss courageously carried his play, Disraeli (which had had so great a success in the United States) to the more sophisticated audiences of London, Punch dryly observed that if the Bank of England had ever had the kind of a president represented in that comedy, English capital would never have financed the Suez Canal. In the same spirit, readers of Mr. Thornton Niven Wilder's novel, The Cabala, are driven to conclude that if the Italians of Italy are like the Italians in that narrative, there cannot really exist the strong, sober, and virile race we think we know; and that if the Church of Rome is like the church Mr. Wilder describes, there is no spiritual power in Catholic Christendom today.

Madness runs like a thin, red danger-line through the "Black" society described in this singular romance, and wickedness lurks darkly in the background of their lives. When the women are young and charming, they are unchaste; when they are virtuous and dévote, they spend their time "conciliating soured papal chamberlains," or pressing the Vatican for a divorce which it is too timorous to grant without first finding out what American Protestants are likely to think about the matter. Doomed boys of sixteen pass from debauchery to incest and suicide; degenerate girl-children ripen into abomination before they leave the school-room; and placid priests condone immorality because it is "the bent of human nature." Learned prelates who "despise every type of a churchman to be found in Italy," amuse themselves by destroying, or by endeavoring to destroy, the faith of their friends; pitting their intellect and their scholarship against meaner minds and lesser knowledge—a thing infinitely more contemptible than pitting physical strength against weakness.

Through this dim riot of folly and iniquity move the godlike figures of two Americans, learned, wise, and estimable. One of them tells the tale, and explains how "all Italy, all Europe" are made clear to him by the facile yielding to natural impulses which he observes in Rome. "I came," he adds for our edification, "from a colony guided by exactly the opposite principles." Both young men are admired, loved, and trusted—as well they might be—by the Italians who have never seen anything like them before, and who could search the length and breadth of the United States without finding anything like them again.

The Cabala describes only a small section of Roman society, only Catholics, and only women. Men—laymen at least—are as conspicuously absent as in a New England village. There is, indeed, one old Rosicrusian, Sareptor Basilis; but he is a trifle madder than anybody else, and his mystic power is of avail only over the female mind.

Just what significance Mr. Wilder attaches to his carefully, and sometimes beautifully, elaborated pictures, it is hard to

FINAL NOTICE

The Leahy Dante Prize Competition

THE preliminary survey of the manuscripts received in contest for The Leahy Dante Prize of One Thousand Dollars is highly encouraging to the hopes of the donor and the committee that will award the prize. Many well-known scholars have submitted studies on the various phases of Dante literature and history, and there are new names among the contestants, the merit of whose work leaves the decision and award entirely open at the present time.

The Commonweal wishes to emphasize that the final date for the acceptance of the Dante manuscripts in this contest will be the first day of September, 1926. We reprint the conditions of the competition, as laid down by the committee in charge:

1. The competition is open to all contestants irrespective of religion or nationality.
2. The essay shall be written in English, and its literary merit shall be considered an important element of its value.
3. The nature of the essay desired is of an interpretative rather than of a philological or research character.
4. It shall not contain more than 5,000 words.
5. A typewritten copy of it must be sent to the Dante Prize Committee, care of THE COMMONWEAL, Grand Central Terminal, New York City, on or before September 1, 1926. All manuscripts should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
6. The winning essay will be published in THE COMMONWEAL.

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imagine. He looks so designedly askant upon every subject that, whatever else he may discern, he does not see life, and whatever else he may know, he does not know the Church of Rome. There is an enlightening sentence of Santayana's that might help to clarify his understanding: "Italy has always preserved a civilized heart. There subsists in the best minds a trained imagination, and a cogent ideal of virtue. Italy has a religion, and that religion permeates all its life, and is the background without which even its secular art and secular passions would not be truly intelligible."

To the Latin this seems a very simple truth; but it never penetrated into Browning's consciousness, and it may find the recesses of Mr. Wilder's mind to be equally inaccessible.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Common of Angels, by Dorothy à Beckett Terrell. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

THIS book, which has already attracted favorable notice in England, is one marking the fulfilment of a prophecy made to the reviewer by a publisher's reader a couple of years ago, that the then dominant sex interest would shortly wane and give way to a religious interest in popular novels. At the time one could only murmur, "Quod di bene vertant." The author has succeeded in writing a poignant and moving story, which touches deep chords of emotion without lapsing into sentimentality, around the subject of renunciation for religious motives. So far, the general theme is not a new one—one recalls Hichens and R. H. Benson—but by bringing the main stress to bear on the obligations for the Catholic conscience in the matters of "mixed" marriages and divorce, the writer has greatly extended the breadth of her appeal.

A certain freshness and directness of style suggests that this is the work of a comparatively "new" novelist. To the jaded reader of our striving sophisticates, it is vastly refreshing: it restores a faith in humanity sorely tried by the japing clevernesses of the Bulgaro-Armenian Jew and his understudies.

Those who know their London will recognize the success with which the book has seized and enshrined a certain aspect of that elusive city's personality—the strange, fairylike quality of a land where it is always afternoon, still haunting some of the little oases of green leafage and mellow, red brick to be found by the loiterer off the beaten track.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

The Menorah Journal for June-July, 1926, sustains the reputation for excellence this periodical has earned among serious American readers. The illustrative material supplied by Mané-Katz and photographs of the vigorous sculptures of Chana Orloff are worthy of special note, and the contents, including a paper Toward an Analysis of the Problem of the Jew, a somewhat confusing statement by Waldo Frank; The Mediterranean Religion, by Joel Blau; an amusing Chapter for a Fashionable Jewish Novel, by Lionel Trilling; a valuable study on The Crypto-Jews of Portugal, by Samuel Schwarz, are followed by excellent editorial notes and book reviews. If H. Ben-Sharar, who refers to the "sad satire of the honor" accorded to Saint Joan in France, will read a little more history, he will not be so nonchalant in declaring that the Church burned her at the stake. The contention which he observed at the Catholic-Greek-Armenian churches in Bethlehem on Easter morning is, on the other hand, only a jealous rivalry of honor which is quite unlike the violent contention he mentions, that marked the life of Our Lord.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

It was not, to speak conservatively, exactly cool in the library. Moreover, a riveting machine operated by some overalled demon, was erratically pounding and thudding on the steel girders of an embryo building next door. Through the open windows came its nerve-racking, jabbing reverberations—unpleasantly suggestive of a mammoth dentist's instrument.

"Goliath," mused Dr. Angelicus, as he mopped his brow, and threw down his book in despair, "Goliath seems to be having a tooth filled."

"Maybe it's not Goliath, but rather Jack-the-Giant-Killer's giant," suggested Miss Brynmarian. "Probably the dentist is telling him that, at his age, the bones of Englishmen are too hard for his crunching."

"Undoubtedly his tooth trouble all comes from his diet," retorted Angelicus. "For among the giants, Jack's ranks as anything but an epicure." At which the Doctor, glancing toward Britannicus's corner, looked disappointed to find it empty.

"It has always," he began again, but the rest of his sentence was lost in a fresh burst of drilling. Miss Brynmarian got up and closed the windows.

"Better to stifle in the heat than endure that din," she remarked.

"Who," demanded Angelicus blandly, "who was the ironical genius who first thought of calling this place The Quiet Corner?"

"Well, it's as quiet as any place in New York," said Miss Brynmarian.

"Ah, there you have it," replied the Doctor. "New York! I have sacrificed much to keep my abode in this wonderful but devastating city, and I think I may say that for years I have loyally and adequately upheld its charms and fascinations against the advocates of all other cities—even San Franciscans. But with my home, my club, and this library being racked and demoralized by sounds of the omnipresent, distressing riveter at work on nearby buildings, I am beginning to weaken. I long for a quiet village of the plains."

"I knew you would come to it," declared Miss Brynmarian. "Don't you remember my efforts to convince you of the superiority of life in a town like Meeteetse, Wyoming?"

"Ah," sighed Angelicus. "Meeteetse. The time was when your enthusiasm for it annoyed me, but I must confess, you and the riveter have won me around. I have decided to make it my home. Tell me, what recent news have you from my future abode?"

Miss Brynmarian eagerly seized a newspaper from a pile on her desk.

"I'll read you," said she, "my latest Meeteetse News, for you may as well become familiar with the life in which you will, perhaps, soon be partaking. Here, for instance, is an editorial which may give you some idea of the element of sport in that society."

And Miss Brynmarian began:

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"Ah," remarked Angelicus, "I can see that I shall become,

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for the home-team, a loyal and good-natured 'rooter'—only I wish they would call it something else."

"What's wrong with 'rooter'?" demanded Miss Brynmarian.

"'Pigs is Pigs,'" replied Angelicus, suggestively.

"Well," she remarked, turning the page, "perhaps you would like to hear what the smart set did last week."

Dr. Angelicus nodded his assent, and sat back to listen.

"'W. P. Rice,'" read Miss Brynmarian, "'and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blackburn and Janet were to town for a brief visit on Monday. The dudes the Blackburns will entertain will arrive Saturday from their far-eastern homes.'"

"What?" asked Angelicus. "Do you mean to say that the call of the dude ranch is being heard as far away as China?"

"Far eastern," replied Miss Brynmarian, severely, "means, in Meeteetse language, New York or any Atlantic sea-board section. But let me continue:

"'Mrs. Charles A. Webster, daughter Margaret, and son Constant, left today to enjoy a short bask in Cody's busy life.'"

"If they are out to bask in good earnest," remarked Angelicus, again mopping his forehead, "they should try New York."

"'Frank Thayer, Sr.,'" went on Miss Brynmarian, serenely, "'has returned from Denver, whither he went to purchase a new White truck to be used on the ranch. This purchase was made necessary because the machine that has been used in the past will be used by Frank Thayer, Jr., for hauling children to and from school.'"

"That society editor has a real flair for choice of words," mused Angelicus. "'Hauling' is obviously the only verb to apply to such an act—it represents the deed in its proper aspect—yet how many of our eastern writers would tamely make use of the far less colorful word, 'taking.' Yes, by all odds, Meeteetse is the place to live—hygienically, socially, and journalistically. I think I shall leave for there next week."

"I'm sure you'll find it delightful," said Miss Brynmarian, "with small possibility of being bored. Amusing little incidents are always happening in that country to add a zest to life. For instance, here's an item which says:

"'Sheriff Dahlem spent a short time in town Sunday night, while on his way to the Gooseberry Country in search of the desperadoes now hiding in that section, who recently escaped from the neighboring reform school, robbing the Meeteetse bank, and shooting down six innocent bystanders, prominent citizens of this town, in their flight.'"

"On further consideration," remarked Angelicus, thoughtfully, "I may, after all, not go to Meeteetse as soon as I expected. It seems rather a pity to leave New York."

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